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Edⁿ the hymns in this
are different from
those in the 1804
collection with the
same title

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A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

CHRISTIANS.

— 6032545 —
✓
BY ELIAS SMITH.

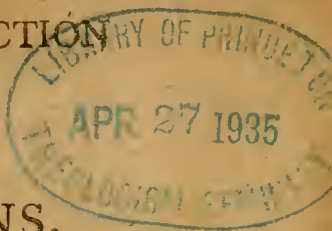
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HYMNS.



HYMN I. P. M.

The Jewels of the Lord.

- 1 **Y**E jewels of my master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory
Reflect immortal blaze.
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.
- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood ;
Go on ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue ;
And at a humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,

And gems immortal glowing,
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image
Imprest on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd ;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies ;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumb'rous clay ;
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound ;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo you're redeem'd forever,
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast ;

So will the priests of Zion,
Before the Father's throne
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

- 3 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill ;
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill ;
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.
- 4 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound ;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN II. P. M.

Hope.

- 1 **O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love :
It lifts me up to things above !
It bears on eagle's wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

- 2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view

Of those that basely pant,
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I, all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN III. L. M.

Separation.

1 COME, we that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon you'll walk the golden street,

- Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous, marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
Whilst Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.
- 6 Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.
- 7 In grandeur see the royal lines,
Whose glittering robes the sun outshines ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour round the throng.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song ;
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN IV. P. M.

Mourning Souls.

- 1 **P** OOR mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
- And under condemnation ;

While thunder bolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as naught in God's account,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah ! wo is me' that I was born,
Or ever had beginning ;
I would have had untimely birth,
Or had no future being ;
Or else had died when I was young,
I might have been forgiven,
I might, like babes, with harmless tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble ;
Day-after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double.
Saith satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er ?
Lord, hear my lamentation ;
For I am weary of my life,
Of pains and bitter crying ;
My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth,
Sweet as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.

Jesus can clothe my naked soul ;
 Jesus for me hath died ;
 And now I can with pleasure sing,
 My wants are all supplied.

6 How can I stay, God calls away,
 And I must now be holy ;
 See Jesus comes to close my eyes,
 Soon I shall go to glory.
 My Jesus calls and I must go,
 Farewell to all things earthly ;
 I must be gone, God calls me home,
 To sing to him more sweetly.

7 Farewell, vain world, I bid adieu,
 My Jesus is most holy ;
 Fain would I be with Christ above,
 Singing to him in glory.
 My trust is now in Jesus' name,
 And in his arms is pleasure ;
 Say, will you trust in Jesus' name,
 When he's the bleeding Saviour ?

HYMN V. P. M.

Heavenly Union.

1 **O**UR souls in love together knit,
 Cemented, join'd in one,
 One heart, one voice, one faith, one mind,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stoop'd and talk'd, and kindly blest'd,
 And fill'd our large desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour ! let creation sing,
 A Saviour ! let all heaven ring,
 He's all with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours.
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er ;
 We're following those who've gone before ;
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 There we shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and bold,
 For Christ to live and die.
 Let devils rage and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through ;
 Though foes increase, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown in view.

A Saviour, &c.

3 The little cloud increases fast,
 In heaven are signs of rain ;
 We wait to feel the heavenly shower,
 And all its moisture drain.
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 Till glides a heavenly flood ;
 The earth awake, the nations shake,
 Till all shall praise our God.

A Saviour, &c.

4 When thou thy Jewels shalt make up,
 And set the starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own :

May we, a little band of love,
Be children, fav'd by grace ;
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

A. Saviour, &c.

HYMN VI. P. M.

Song, by a young Lady.

MY soul's full of glory, which fires my
tongue,
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song ;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And call them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're assembling to hear what I sing,
Well pleas'd to hear mortals all praising their
king ;

Oh angels ! Oh angels ! my soul's in a flame,
I sing in sweet raptures of Jesus' name.

3 Sweet Spirit attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I'm convey'd home,
'Though worms my poor body may claim as their
prey,

'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.

4 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd as
blood,

The world all on fire with the vengeance of God,
While lightnings are flashing, & thunders do roar,
Undaunted, I'll triumph, on fair Canaan's shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory appear on my soul,
I sink in bright visions, I view the bright goal ;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go ;
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.

Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids me
come ;

Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home ;
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour the Spirit shall steer.

I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see ?
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me ;
To heaven, to heaven, I'm going, I'm gone ;
All glory, Oh glory ! 'tis finish'd, 'tis done.

To the regions of glory the spirit has fled,
And left the frail body inactive and dead,
With angelic armies in glory to blaze,
On Jesus' fair beauty forever to gaze.

When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet
shall sound,
And awake God's dear children that sleep under
ground,
Their souls and their bodies shall all join in one,
And each from their Saviour receive a bright
crown.

HYMN VII. P. M.

Nativity.

FROM the regions of love,
Lo ! an angel descended,
And told the strange news
How the babe was attended ;
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy
See your Christ in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who has purchas'd our pardon,
 We'll praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
 To you and each nation ;
 Glad tidings of joy,
 Now behold your salvation ;
 When sudden a multitude
 Raise their glad voices,
 And shout the Redeemer
 While heaven rejoices.
 Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now glory to God
 In the highest is given,
 Now glory to God
 Is re-echo'd through heaven ;
 Around the whole earth,
 Let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love,
 His salvation and glory.
 Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd I rise
 With delight and desire,
 Such love so divine
 Sets my soul all on fire ;
 Around the bright throne
 Hosannas are ringing,
 O, when shall I join them
 And be ever singing !
 Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Triumphantly ride
 In thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love
 O, Jesus all glorious !
 Thy banner unfurl,
 Let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour,
 Their King and defender.
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

Tranquillity.

- 1 **A**WAY, my doubts, begone my fear,
 The wonders of the Lord appear,
 The wonders that my Saviour wrought ;
 O how delightful is the thought !
- 2 The wonders of Redeeming love,
 When first my heart was drawn above ;
 When first I saw my Saviour's face,
 And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.
- 3 Pursue my thoughts, this pleasing theme
 'Twas not a fancy nor a dream ;
 'Twas grace descending from the skies,
 And shall be marvellous in my eyes.
- 4 Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot,
 Long had my soul for comfort sought,
 Jesus was witness to my tears,
 And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
 And cloth'd me with his righteousness ;
 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
 And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.

- 6 How was I struck with sweet surprize,
While glory shone before my eyes !
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away !
- 7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view ;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.
- 8 I gloried in my Saviour's grace ;
I sung my great Redeemer's praise ;
My soul now long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.
- 9 The powers of hell in vain combin'd
To tempt or interrupt my mind,
I saw and sung in joyful strains,
The monster satan held in chains.
- 10 These are the wonders I record,
The marv'lous goodness of the Lord,
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace !

HYMN IX. P. M.

Salvation to our King.

- 1 COME all ye mourning pilgrims now,
The joyful news I'll tell,
The Lord hath sent salvation down,
To save our souls from hell.
The angels brought the tidings down,
To shepherds in the field,
On earth is peace to men good will,
The prince of peace's reveal'd.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour, to the Lord,
Salvation to our King,

Let all that's wash'd in Jesus' blood,
His glorious praises sing.

2 Come all ye poor despised souls,
Unto his fold repair,
Where God his boundless love unfolds,
And says he'll meet you there.
His glorious presence fills our souls,
With songs of loudest praise,
Let all that want a Saviour dear,
Their hearts and voices raise.
Sing glory, &c.

5 There's glory, glory in my soul,
It came from heaven above,
Which makes me praise my God so bold:
And his dear children love.
I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
I love his wsys so well.
Because his precious blood was spilt,
To save my soul from hell.
Sing glory, &c.

2 When weeping Mary came to seek
Her Lord with a perfume,
The napkin and the shroud she found
Together in the tomb.
The angel said he is not here,
He's risen from the dead ;
And streams of grace to sinners flow
As free as did his blood.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour to my God
 He's now upon his throne,
 And bringing foreign strangers home,
 And claims them for his own.

HYMN X. P. M.

The young Convert's Invitation.

1 **O** CARELESS sinners come,
 Pray now attend,
 This world is not your home,
 It soon will end :
 Jehovah calls aloud,
 Forfake the thoughtless crowd;
 Pursue the road to God,
 And happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find,
 While thus you go,
 No peace unto your mind,
 But pain and woe,
 Attend you every day
 While far from God you stray,
 O sinner come away,
 And ever live.

3 How many calls you've had,
 I call again,
 How can you be so bad,
 So full of sin,
 As to refuse that voice
 Which calls you to rejoice,
 In making heaven your choice,
 And shunning hell.

- 4 Nor do I call alone,
The Saviour too,
Even with his dying groans,
Cries bid adieu,
To all your lovers now,
And to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how,
To live anew.
- 5 But if you will refuse,
Down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked choose,
The road to woe ;
Alas how can you flight,
The rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night,
Where silence reigns.
- 6 I bid you all farewell,
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow tell,
That we must part,
While on to heaven we go,
And you are bound to woe,
Alas it must be so
If you rebel.
- 7 I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why wont you leave your sin,
And come away,
From Satan's cruel power
And live forevermore
And bless the joyful hour
That life begun.

- 8 All hail we welcome then
 Your happy flight;
 From Kedar's tents of sin,
 To glory bright ;
 We'll travel on with you,
 And bid this world adieu,
 And endless joys pursue,
 Till all is ours.
- 9 There we will range around,
 The blissful plains,
 Where pleasure has no bound,
 And glory reigns ;
 We'll fall at Jesus' feet
 Where joys are all complete,
 And blissful raptures meet,
 Forevermore.

HYMN XI. P. M.

*The thousand years of Christ's reign, or the new
 jubilee.*

- 1 **W**HAT sound is this silutes my ear ?
 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
 Th' expected day is come ;
 Behold the heaven, the earth, and sea,
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
 Return ye exiles home.
- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem.
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear ;
 Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
 To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
 Which hails the Jubilee.

3 Transported with his bleeding charms,
King Jesus takes her in his arms,
She thus begins to sing ;
From pits of wo, and fiery chains,
Through floods of grief, exquisite pains,
Behold the rising spring.

4 As larks and linnets sweetly sing,
All round the hills and valleys ring,
Safe from the fowler's snare ;
A thousand years our souls shall dwell,
And sing while satan's bound in hell,
Which ends the jubile year.

5 The dragon is let loose once more,
All round the earth his legions roar,
He is for war again :
But he who sits upon the throne,
Drives satan and his army down
To darkness, fire, and pain.

6 The archangel's trumpet you shall hear,
A great white throne shall then appear,
To unfold an awful scene :
An angel turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the broad terrene.

7 Depart ye cursed down to hell,
From all my saints to bid farewell,
Never to see my face :
My calls of love you have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And spurn'd at offer'd grace.

- 8 See parents and their children part.
 Some shout for joy, some bleed at heart;
 Never to meet again ;
 In fiery chariot Zion flies,
 And quickly gains the upper skies,
 And Canaan's dazzling plains.
- 9 My soul is striving to be there,
 I long to rise and wing the air
 And trace the sacred road ;
 Adieu ! adieu, all mortal things
 O ! that I had an angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God,
- 10 Fly ! gracious moments, fly, O fly !
 I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
 Angelic joys to prove ;
 Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,
 And shout redeeming Love,

HYMM XII. P. M.

The happy Pilgrim's song.

- 1 COME away to the skies
 My beloved arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born,
 On that festival day,
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Zion return.
- 2 We have laid up our love,
 And our treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below ?
 'The redeem'd of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to Paradise go.

- 3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;
Our being receive
From his bounty and live,
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we were
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again
That our souls may remain,
In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve,
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name ;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more ;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Halleluia we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Halleluia again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet ;

8 In assurance of hope.
 We to Jesuits look up,
 'Till his banner's unfur'd in the air ;
 From our graves we shall see,
 And cry out " it is he, "
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HMMN XIII. P. M.

The King's Enemy made free.

1 **Y**E Saints of God come hear me tell,
 The wonders of EMMANUEL ;
 How he doth send his truth abroad,
 To bring lost sinners home to God :
 He sends his word of Power Divine,
 And searches out the inmost mind ;
 Exposeth Sin most clear to view,
 And tells the sinner what to do !
 Namely, repent and turn to God,
 And thereby shun his iron rod.

2 I was a sinner stout and bold,
 On Satan's list was I enroll'd,
 To fight against the Powers above,
 And slight the offers of God's love :
 But I grew weak and faint in fight,
 Because from God I had my light ;
 Which shew'd me plain that hell was mine,
 For using Him, my God unkind :
 So weak was I against that King,
 That not one conquest could I win !

3 As I walk'd out one morning fair,
 To think on God and take the air ;

- I view'd the field of battle round;
To see what riches could be found.
But O ! what carnage did I see,
By Jesus Christ's own company ;
Who had one sword which all did wield,
Attended with a powerful shield ;
Which sword they thrust through every heart,
And made their foes both ache and smart.
- 4 Some lay as dead upon the ground,
Yet they had life to breathe and mourn ;
Their death to God and life to sin,
Did plague them as a poisonous sting !
And when I look'd to see their store,
Which God had call'd for o'er and o'er,
I thought some plunder then to gain,
But all was sin, and filth and stain !
Such trash enough I had in store,
And wished them to have no more.
- 5 But O ! ye curious come and see,
The wounds they gave their enemy ;
What caution they do use in strife,
To bring on death, yet save the life !
And as they pierce their hearts most sore,
So as to make them cry and roar ;
The saints round them do shout and sing,
In honour of their Heavenly King :
Because the conquest they do gain—
Bring life and peace to all their slain.
- 6 I turn'd again the spoil to view,
To see if there were nothing new ;
That I might take as mine own part,
And thereby cheer a troubled heart.

But how surpris'd yet was I,
 To find the spoil all of one die ;
 Nothing but sin was taken away,
 From those who did for quarters pray :
 All good remain'd with those whom God
 Had conquer'd by his Gospel sword.

- 7 Surely said I, here's good indeed,
 The very blessings which I need,
 And could I only make them mine,
 I'd die the Death which God enjoins :
 For as the gain is all to me,
 I can't object to being free ;
 So I'll cut off my fleshly sword,
 And own I'm conquer'd by the Lord !
 Sure humble now I'd better be,
 Than suffer in Eternity. ~

HYMN XIV. L. M.

The happy Convert.

- 1 COME brethren, and rejoice with me.
 For Jesus Christ hath made me free,
 From that, which did defile my heart,
 And made me from my God depart.
 When I by faith embraced him,
 He fill'd my soul up to the brim,
 With streams of grace and love divine,
 Which proves the promises are mine ;
 How good it is, how sweet to me,
 O ! that mankind would all be free.
- 2 I was much plagu'd with outward sin,
 But more with that, which dwelt within,

Which always barr'd my Saviour out,
And kept me in distressing doubt ;
But all my fears are driven away,
By brilliancy of gospel day,
Which shines so clear, I must believe,
That I do in my Saviour live
A life of love, a heaven below,
I've not a doubt, I feel it so.

If more you wish to know of me,
I'm happy now, and wish to be,
While I do in the flesh remain,
Till I return to God again ;
For I do feel his love most sweet,
When Mary-like I at his feet,
Do claim my portion of his love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,
He gives to me a heavenly flame,
Which makes me praise his holy name.

How grateful then ought I to prove
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheers my heart and makes me whole
And stamps his image on my soul.
A debtor great, I surely be,
To him whose power hath saved me ;
A heaven of love he hath bestow'd,
Which stays my mind on him my God ;
And what doth much increase the score,
When I thank him, he gives me more.

A happy soul indeed am I,
My mind is fix'd above the sky,
On things divine, at God's right hand,
Where I shall see the friend of man,

Who pleads my cause in courts above,
 And gives to me his heavenly love,
 To fit me for that blessed place,
 Where I'll enjoy his fullest grace ;
 What holy joy, what heavenly bliss,
 To dwell where loving Jesus is !

6 Come brethren dear, whose joys abound
 By hearing precious gospel sound,
 Cheer up your hearts and strong believe,
 In Christ who ever, ever lives,
 For though your race is not quite run,
 You feel your heaven is now begun,
 Then let us raise a holy song,
 And praise him as we pass along,
 To joys above where we shall be,
 Happy in vast eternity.

7 We're happy now in clogs of clay,
 But what is this to open day,
 Of glory beaming all around,
 Where sin and grief can ne'er be found,
 How happy we shall be that day,
 To think that we did watch and pray,
 And kept our garments clean and white,
 Fit to appear with saints in light,
 Quite free, O then our joys shall be,
 And remain so eternally.

HYMN XV. P. M.

The Christian Church.

1 **A**LTHOUGH despis'd by men ;
 A little feeble hand ;
 Protection we obtain,
 From the Redeemer's hand.

Though oft our foes would us devour,
We stand upheld by Jesus' power.

2 While on him we depend,
And truly fear his name,
He'll prove a faithful friend,
And ne'er put us to shame.
He'll guard us safe through all the way,
To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our shepherd leads us on,
While we obey his voice ;
He guides us to his throne,
And in him we'll rejoice :
Though strait the way we need not fear,
If to the end we persevere.

4 Christ is our leader call'd
The Christian name we bear ;
This name we will extoll,
While in his grace we share :
All party names we will disdain,
The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This, as our rule observe,
It is our only guide,
Therefrom we must not swerve ;
This doctrine will arise on high,
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
And daily take our cross ;
From every evil fly,
Or we shall suffer loss.
Till victory we completely win.
We will maintain the war with sin.

- 7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
 And earthly comforts die,
 May thy rich grace prevail,
 And bear our souls on high.
 There, while our glowing love shall flame,
 Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

HYMN XVI. P. M.

The Birth of Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK! whence that voice,
 Hark! hear the joyful shouting,
 See! see what splendour
 Spreads its beams around us,
 Turning dark midnight
 Into noon-tide glory,
 As it approaches.
- 2 With pomp majestic,
 See the heavenly vision
 Swiftly descending,
 While attending angels
 Pour acclamations.
 And celestial chanting
 Wake our attention.
- 3 Fear not ye shepherds,
 'Tis the Prince of peace comes,
 Full of compassion,
 Full of love and pity,
 Bringing salvation,
 For the lost of mankind,
 For ruin'd nations.

- 4 Go pay your homage,
To your infant Saviour
Laid in a manger,
See the Lord of glory,
Meanly attended,
Yet the great Redeemer,
Yon star shall guide you.
- 5 Give God the glory,
All ye hosts celestial,
Peace dwells on earth,
And man enjoys the favour;
Rais'd from death's dungeon,
Heirs to life eternal,
Trough a Mediator.
- 6 O ! may impressions
Of his boundless mercy,
Ever remind us
Of our grateful duty,
Sweet the employment,
To proclaim his goodness
And sing his praises.

HYMN XVII. C. M.

The birth of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wonderful scene unfold.]
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 7 [O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.]
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high ;
" Good will and peace are now complete,
" Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, friend !
'Tho' earth and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN XVIII. P. M.

The New Jerusalem.

- 1 WITH pleasure behold,
That city of gold,
How beautiful, lovely, and bright ;
Coming down from above,
In its glory and love,
Adorned with glory and light ;
Prepar'd as a bride,
For Immanuel's side ;
Let angels rejoice at the sight,
Jerusalem new,
Its glory doth shew,
The wisdom of God and his might.
- 2 Its wall great and high,
Behold it with joy,
Think of it, ye saints, with delight ;
Behold its foundation,
With great admiration,
With precious stones garnished bright ;
It lieth four square,
A golden reed there,
And angels to measure it right ;
Consider with pleasure,
It's equal in measure ;
Its length, breadth, and height are alike.
- 3 Twelve angels there wait,
At each holy gate,
The righteous rejoice when they enter ;
For they will behold,
A city of gold,
The tree of life in the centre ;

Then proceeds from the throne,
Of the King whom they own,
A river of water of life,
As crystal it's clear
As wine it doth cheer,
The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.

4 There those who do well,
With Jesus shall dwell,
Forever and ever in peace,
They need not the moon,
Nor the bright shining sun,
In so glorious and holy a place.
God's glory will shine,
And give light divine,
Therefore it will never be night,
What raptures are there !
All heaven doth share,
It's perfectly filled with light.

5 The saints shall there reign,
With the Lamb that was slain,
The face of their King they will see,
There standing before him,
To love and adore him,
His name in their foreheads will be.
Great joy will be there,
The righteous will share,
While angels their voices are raising,
How pleasant the singing,
Melodiously ringing,
While saints are in harmony praising.

HYMN XIX. P. M.

Christian Fellowship and Union.

- 1 COME, my christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come unite and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command.
Lay aside this party spirit,
Slight your christian friends no more,
Come unite through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.
- 2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.
Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove ;
Christ the centre of our union,
And the bond is christian love.
- 3 Here's my hand, my heart, and spirit,
Now in fellowship I give ;
Now we'll love, and peace inherit,
Show the world how christians live.
Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free,
Christ is all, in all forever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.
- 4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout, and sing ;
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heavenly king.
Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord,

Lord confirm our christian union,
By thy spirit and thy word.

- 5 Now the world will be constrained,
To believe in Christ our King ;
Thousands, thousands be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring,
Happy day ; O joyful hour,
Thank the Lord, his name we bless
Send thy name, my Lord with pow'r,
Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN XX. P. M.

Invitation.

- 1 **F**LY ye sinners to yon mountain,
There a purple stream doth flow;
There you'll find an open fountain,
That will wash you white as snow.
- 2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair,
There's a fountain for uncleanness,
And the worst is welcome there.
- 3 Come, ye souls by sin distressed,
Plunge by faith beneath this flood,
Then you'll surely be released,
From the painful pond'rous load.
- 4 Richly flow'd the crimson river,
Down Immanuel's lovely side,
And that blood will you deliver,
Whensoever 'tis apply'd.
- 5 Christ is ready to receive you !
See his bloody cross appear,
From your sins he will relieve you,
And remove your every fear.

3 O believe the Lord expiring,
See the suffering Lamb of God,
And that love be much admiring,
Which appears in streams of blood.

HYMN XXI. P. M,

My heart's Experience.

1 **O** HOW I have long'd for the coming of God,
And sought him by praying and searching
his word,
By watching and fasting, my soul was oppress'd;
Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise he answer'd my prayer ;
And glory was open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come weeping and praying to God ;
The noise of their weeping is heard very loud,
And many's found pardon through Jesus' blood.

4 There's more my dear Saviour who fall at thy
feet,
Oppress'd with a burden enormously great :
O raise them my Saviour to tell of thy love.
And shout hallelujah in heaven above.

5 We'll sing and we'll shout, and we'll shout
and we'll sing,
O God make the nations with praises to ring ;
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariots they seem to draw
near,
O come my dear Saviour with glory appear ;

We long to be singing and praising above,
With angels o'erwhelmed with Jesus' love.
7 The taste that we have it does ravish our heart,
Which makes us rejoice and we long to depart ;
To praise thee more sweetly where angels do sing,
And with that bright army make heaven to ring.
8 To sin and to sorrow we'll then bid adieu,
And fly where afflictions can never pursue ;
With life, health and comfort, to wear a bright
crown,
And with our dear Saviour forever sit down.

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